

image

191

DIGITAL  
EDITION

McFARLANE  
PORTACIO

# SPAWN®

ENDGAME PART SEVEN



Capullo  
McFARLANE  
1998



Todd McFarlane and Image Comics Present

## ENDGAME PART 7



### PREVIOUSLY IN SPAWN

While gathering information for a story on the displaced patients from the hospital fire, reporter Marc Rosenthal makes a unique discovery. Meanwhile, detectives Sam and Twitch come to some of their own shocking conclusions in the wake of the gang fight in a warehouse.

Jim grows increasingly frustrated by the lack of answers on his true identity, but everything changes in a chance encounter with Wanda. While she can't put a name with his face, she remembers him fainting on her porch many years ago. She also recognizes the green glimmer in his eyes, and sends him to the alleys for answers.

There, Jim is led to Al Simmons' old throne; the costume seeps out of his bullet wound, covering him. As Jim tries to make sense of it all, an Angel greets him as one of her own.

Writer  
**Todd McFarlane**

Layouts  
**Greg Capullo**

Pencils  
**Whilce Portacio**

Inks  
**Todd McFarlane**

Color  
**Jay Fotos**

Lettering  
**Tom Orzechowski**

Cover Artists  
**Greg Capullo  
Todd McFarlane  
Jay Fotos**

Editor  
**Todd McFarlane**

Managing Editors  
**Jen Cassidy  
Tyler Jeffers**

Publisher for Image Comics  
**Eric Stephenson**

SPAWN CREATED BY  
TODD MCFARLANE

**image**

**TODD MCFARLANE**  
PRODUCTIONS

**SPAWN.COM**

Spawn #191. Digital Edition. Published by IMAGE COMICS, 2134 Alston Way, Second Floor, Berkeley, CA 94704, \$2.95 USA \$3.00 CAN. Spawn, its logo and its symbol are registered trademarks © 2009 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All other related characters are TM and © 2009 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. The characters, events and stories in this publication are entirely fictional. With exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc.



13 Minutes Ago

...BECAUSE  
IN A MINUTE  
YOU AND I ARE  
GOING TO GET  
VERY, *VERY*  
SERIOUS.





WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO-- SCARE ME?!  
**THREATEN** ME?

YOU GO TO  
**HELL!**

I'D BE CAREFUL.

OH...THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'VE BEEN THERE **ALREADY**. OBVIOUSLY, YOUR TIME AWAY HAS MADE YOU EVEN MORE **IGNORANT!**



OR MAYBE YOU'VE JUST FORGOTTEN THE RULES...



YOU **CAN'T** KILL ME!!

ANY MORE THAN I CAN KILL YOU. NOT HERE! NOT ON EARTH!

ESPECIALLY NOT IN THIS PLACE! THIS--**ANOMALY**. WHERE OUR POWERS ARE NEUTRALIZED.

THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO GET CREATIVE.



60 Minutes Ago



NO ONE TOLD ME THERE'D BE ANOTHER 'ELITE' ALREADY STATIONED HERE.

THEY SAID I'D BE DOING THIS SOLO.

BESIDES, I THOUGHT YOU MALES WEREN'T ALLOWED ON EARTH EXCEPT FOR EXTREME CAGES.



I'M OUTTA HERE.



DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOUR HUMAN. HE MUST NOT BE ABLE TO DECIPHER MY LIGHT FORM.

BUT WE'RE BETTER OFF ALONE, ANYWAY. GOD STILL LIKES IT WHEN HIS ACTIONS GO UNSEEN.

GOD?

I KNOW. I QUESTION IT SOMETIMES, TOO.



I'VE WONDERED MANY TIMES WHY WE STILL ALIGN OURSELVES WITH HIM. HE TREATS US LIKE 'LOST SOULS' MOST OF THE TIME, AT LEAST MY COMMANDERS DO, INSTEAD OF GIVING US MISSIONS WE'RE WORTHY OF.

A REBELLION! THAT'S WHAT WE NEED. SOMETHING THAT'LL SEND A LOUD MESSAGE TO ALL OF THEM UP THERE.







DON'T  
YOU AGREE?  
EVEN IF IT WAS  
JUST YOU  
AND I.

I'VE HEARD  
ABOUT YOU  
MALES, HOW  
YOU'RE ABLE TO  
'TRANSCEND'  
AT WILL.

I'D BE  
WILLING TO DO  
**ANYTHING**  
TO LEARN HOW  
YOU DO THAT. MAYBE  
THEN THEY'D PAY  
ATTENTION  
TO ME.



EVEN  
NOW, WHEN I  
TRIED TELLING  
THEM ABOUT THIS  
**ANOMALY**, NONE  
OF THEM COULD  
BE BOTHERED  
ENOUGH TO CARE.

THEY WANTED  
MORE DATA, THEY  
SAID. FIRST, NO **ANOMALY**  
EXISTS HERE, AND SECOND,  
NONE OF HELL'S CREATURES  
HAS EVER FOUND ANY  
OF THOSE THAT  
DO EXIST.

SO... I MUST  
BE WRONG, THEY  
SAID, AND I SHOULD GO  
BACK AND RE-DO MY  
RESEARCH.



BUT, I  
KNOW WHAT I  
FOUND.

AND SO  
DO YOU. THAT'S  
WHY YOU HAVEN'T  
SAID ANYTHING,  
ISN'T IT?

IT  
WAS YOU,  
WASN'T  
IT?



YOU KILLED  
THAT SPAWN  
DEMON, DIDN'T  
YOU?

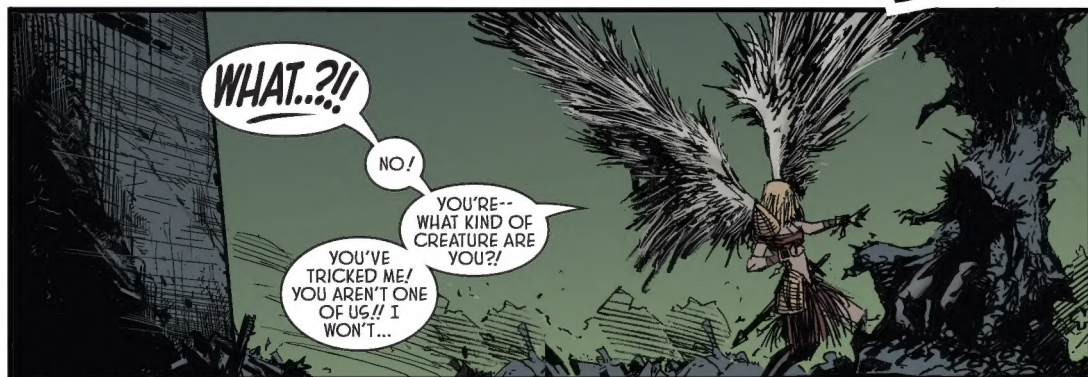
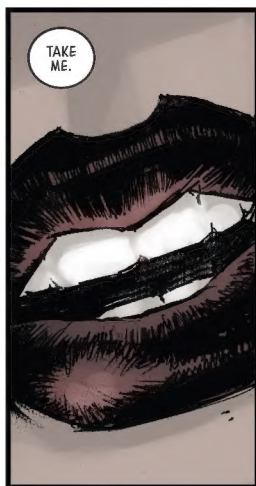
EVEN  
THOUGH WE'RE  
IN AN **ANOMALY**,  
YOUR POWERS  
STILL WORK  
HERE.



LIKE  
YOUR BODY  
SPIKES, THEY'RE  
STILL REACTING  
TO EVERY-  
THING.

EVEN  
ME.

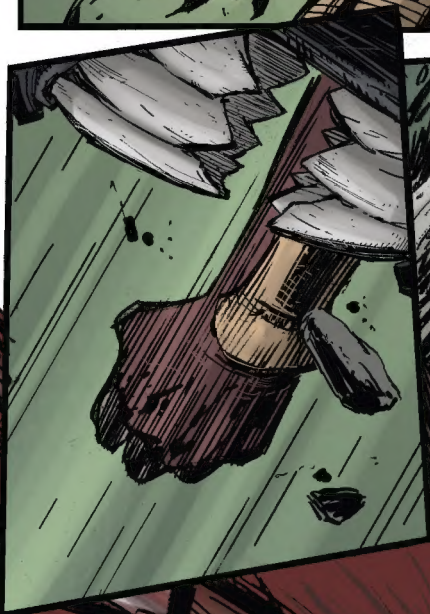














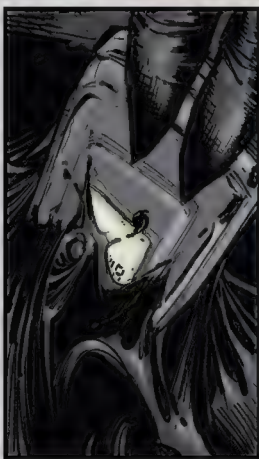
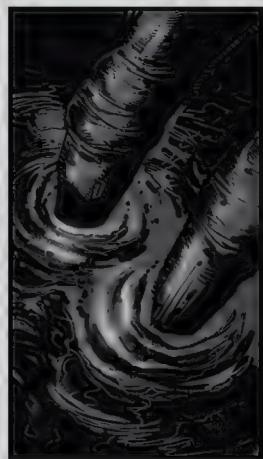
**KRAK**

I DON'T  
KNOW HOW  
IT WORKS, OR  
WHEN IT  
WORKS,

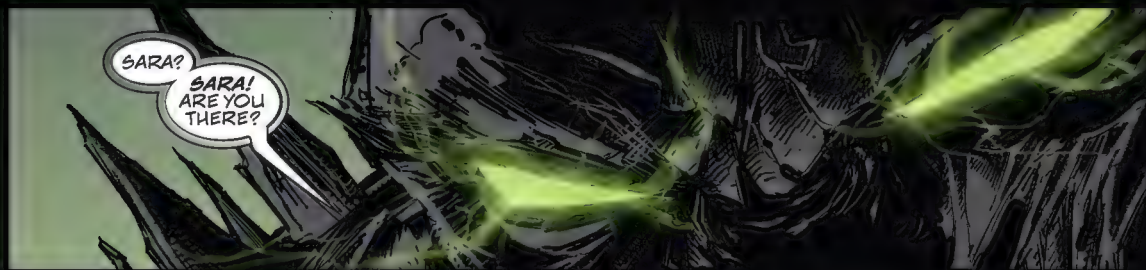
BUT  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT...

I DO  
HAVE  
**POWER!**  
AND I WANT  
TO KNOW  
**WHY?!**









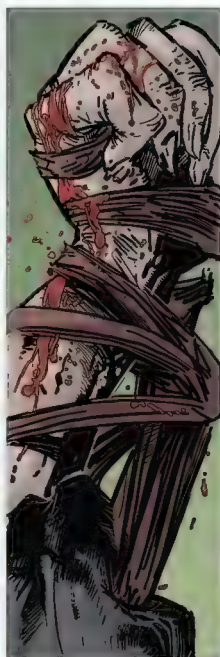
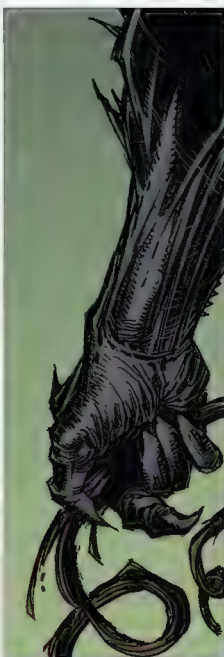
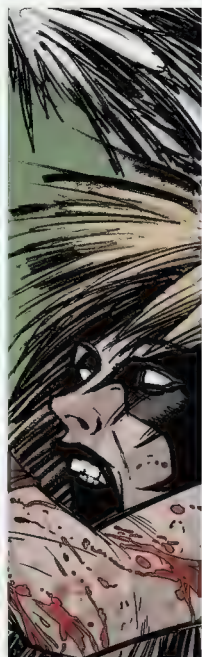
SARA?

SARA!  
ARE YOU  
THERE?

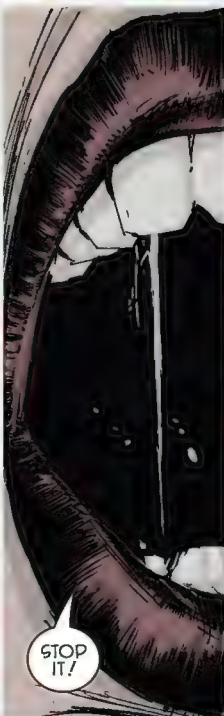
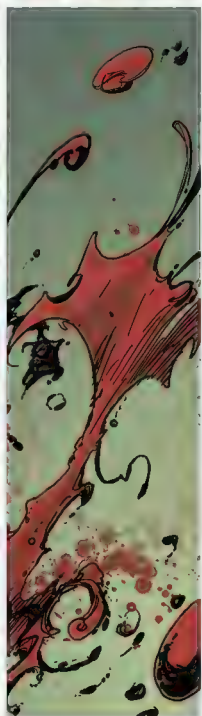


YOU SENT  
SOMEONE  
THERE!  
DIDN'T  
YOU?!

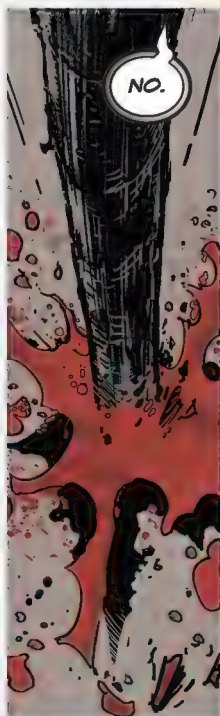
KRK



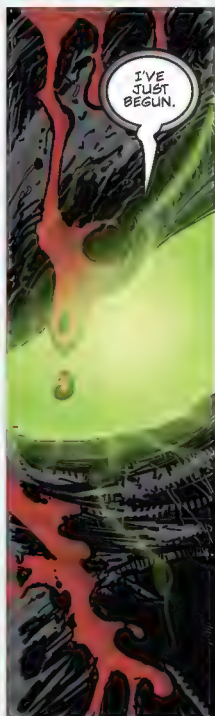
DIDN'T  
YOU?!



STOP  
IT!

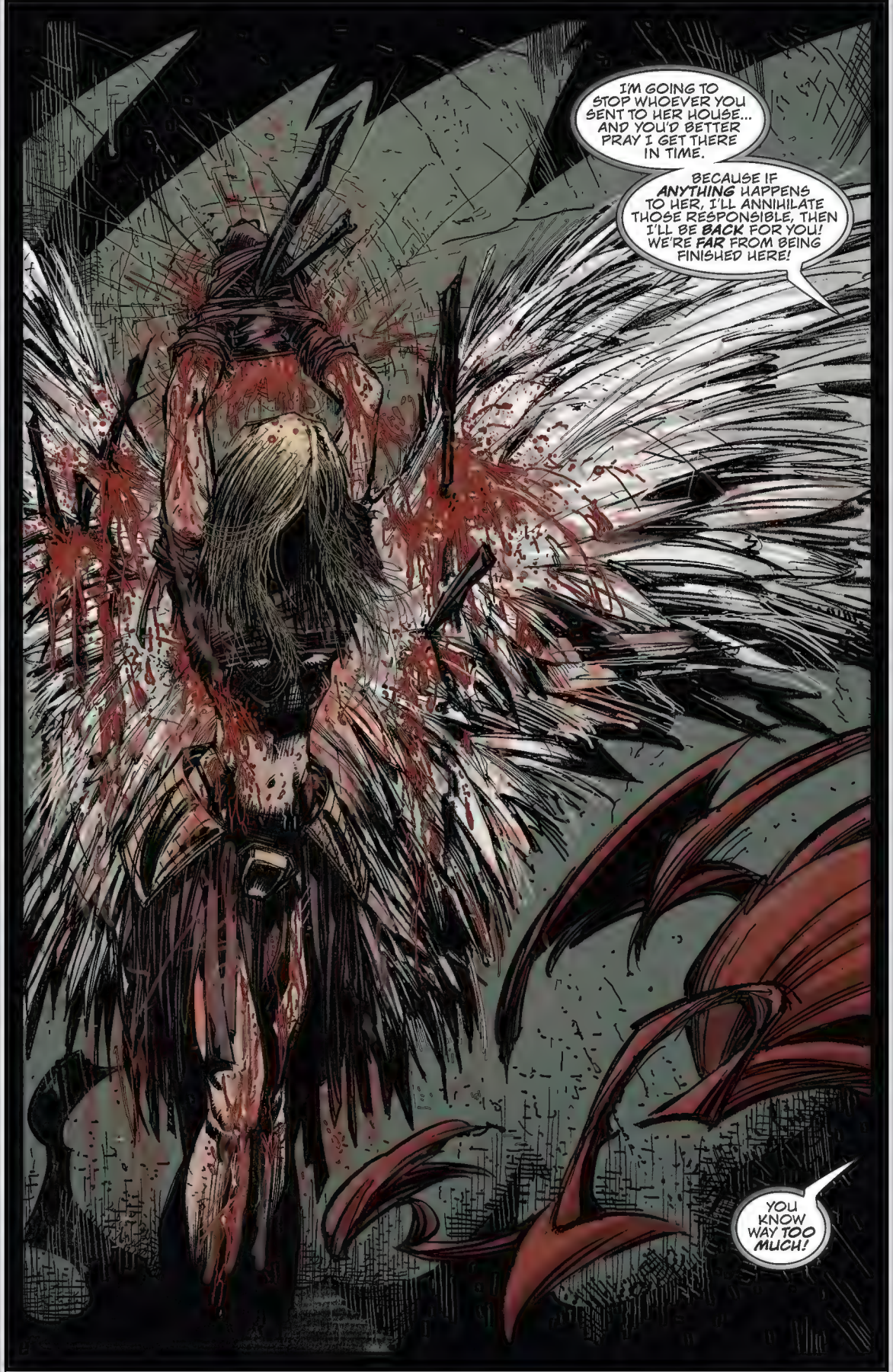


NO.



I'VE  
JUST  
BEGUN.





I'M GOING TO  
STOP WHOEVER YOU  
SENT TO HER HOUSE...  
AND YOU'D BETTER  
PRAY I GET THERE  
IN TIME.

BECAUSE IF  
**ANYTHING** HAPPENS  
TO HER, I'LL ANNIHILATE  
THOSE RESPONSIBLE, THEN  
I'LL BE **BACK** FOR YOU!  
WE'RE FAR FROM BEING  
FINISHED HERE!

YOU  
KNOW  
WAY TOO  
MUCH!









THIRTY SECONDS!...

UNNGH

THAT'S ALL YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME EVERYTHING I WANT, OR I GUT YOU LIKE A FISH!

UNDER-  
STAND?!!

AND I SWEAR, IF YOU'VE TOUCHED SARA--I'LL KILL YOU! ALL OF YOU!!



NOW, WHO SENT YOU? THE ANGEL SAID YOU KNEW ME!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT...

NO BULLSHIT ANSWERS! THAT'S WHAT GOT YOUR WINGED FRIEND STUCK TO A WALL!

YOU'RE CRAZY! WHAT ANGEL?

THE ONE WHO SAID YOU'D BE HERE. THE ONE WHO THREATENED ME.

THAT JOG YOUR MEMORY?

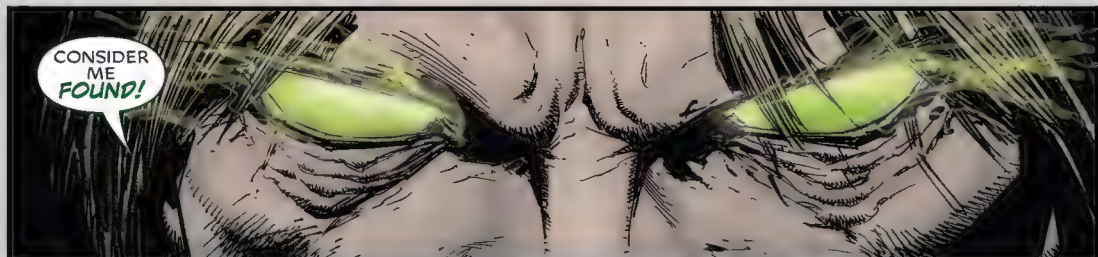
YOU'VE GOT TWENTY SECONDS LEFT.

YOU'RE JUST A JOB. THAT'S ALL! I'M SUPPOSED TO FIND YOU THEN DELIVER YOU TO A 'MEETING' WITH MY BOSS.

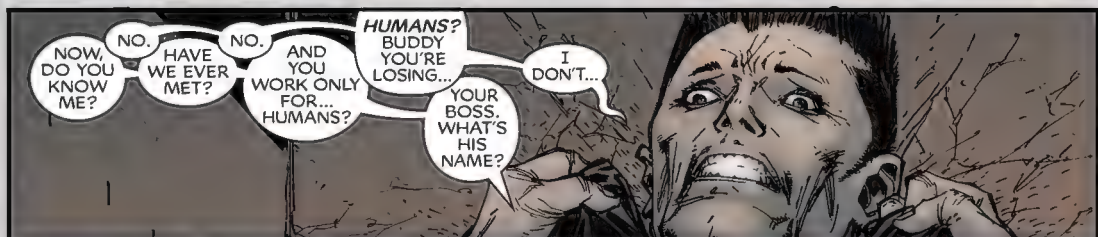
WHAT ABOUT SARA?

I DON'T CARE ABOUT HER... OR YOUR ANGEL DELUSIONS. MY JOB WAS TO FIND YOU.





CONSIDER  
ME  
FOUND!



NOW,  
DO YOU  
KNOW  
ME?

NO.

HAVE  
WE EVER  
MET?

NO.

AND YOU  
WORK ONLY  
FOR...  
HUMANS?

HUMANS?  
BUDDY  
YOU'RE  
LOSING...

I DON'T...

YOUR BOSS,  
WHAT'S  
HIS NAME?



TEN  
SECONDS!



GILBERT.

GILBERT  
WHAT?

GILBERT  
SANCHEZ.

WHERE'S  
HE  
WORK?

SOHO.



GOOD.

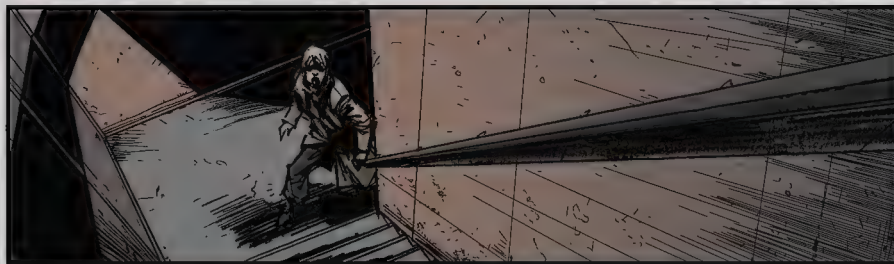


THEN TELL  
MR. SANCHEZ  
TO SAVE HIS ENERGY.  
HE DOESN'T HAVE TO  
HUNT ME ANYMORE.  
BECAUSE, I'M GOING  
TO **FIND HIM**  
INSTEAD.

AND WHEN  
I GET THERE,  
I'M GOING TO BE  
VERY **PISSED OFF!**  
SO SOMEONE HAD  
BETTER BE READY  
TO TELL ME  
WHO I AM.





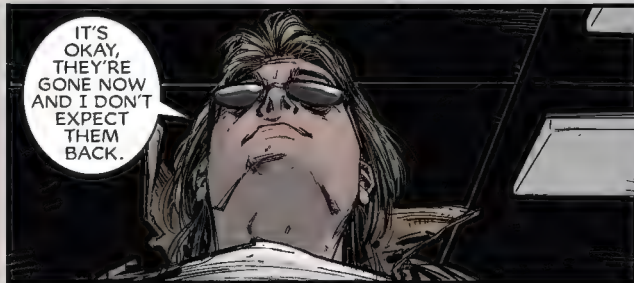


SARA...



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YEAH.

BUT... WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY ARE WE BEING WATCHED?



IT'S OKAY, THEY'RE GONE NOW AND I DON'T EXPECT THEM BACK.

THEY SAID THEY DIDN'T HURT YOU.

NO, THEY WERE JUST ASKING QUESTIONS.

ABOUT WHAT?

YOU.

THEY KEPT WANTING TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE AT. SAID THEY WERE FROM ST. ANTHONY'S, BUT WHEN I MADE UP A DOCTOR'S NAME, THEY SAID THEY KNEW HIM. THAT'S WHY I CALLED.\*

I... I JUST GOT SCARED.

I KNOW.

THAT'S WHY I HAVE TO LEAVE AGAIN.

WHAT...? WHY?



THERE'S SOMEONE I HAVE TO TALK TO. SHE'S... WAITING FOR ME.

SHE?





WELL,

WELL,

WELL.

NOW  
WHAT DO  
WE HAVE  
HERE?



I HADN'T  
HEARD THAT GOD  
DEPLOYED MORE  
WARRIORS TO  
THIS REGION.

MEANING  
SOMETHING'S  
GOT HIM A LITTLE  
NERVOUS.



NOW  
WHAT COULD  
THAT BE, I  
WONDER...

OH  
**YES!!**

THE  
**DECAPITATED  
SPAWN!**  
YOU FOUND  
HIM, DIDN'T  
YOU?

NO, WAIT! YOU  
LIGHT WARRIORS  
AREN'T SMART  
ENOUGH TO FIGURE  
THESE THINGS OUT ON  
YOUR OWN. SO ONE OF  
YOUR 'GUARDIANS'  
TOLD YOU ABOUT IT,  
DIDN'T THEY?

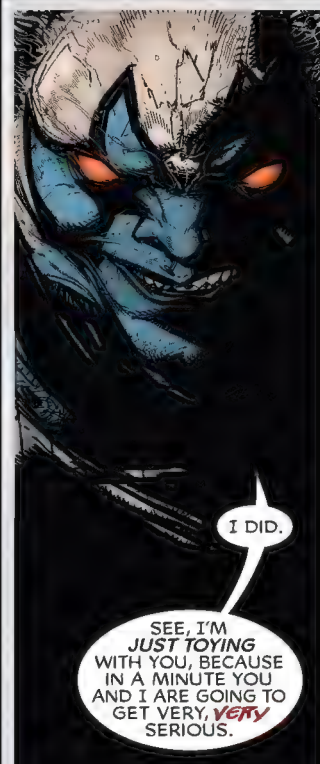
MUST HAVE  
BEEN SPYING  
ON ME.  
SNEAKY LITTLE  
BASTARDS.



AND GOD, HE  
WANTED TO MAKE  
SURE THE 'GUARDIAN'  
WASN'T PULLING HIS LEG,  
RIGHT? HE NEVER DID  
HAVE A SENSE OF  
HUMOR, DID HE?

GUARDIANS  
WOULDN'T REPORT  
DIRECTLY TO GOD. BUT  
YOUR SARCASM TELLS ME  
YOU ALREADY KNEW  
THAT.

DIDN'T  
YOU!



I DID.

SEE, I'M  
**JUST TOYING**  
WITH YOU, BECAUSE  
IN A MINUTE YOU  
AND I ARE GOING TO  
GET VERY, **VERY**  
SERIOUS.



I'M TELLING YOU... **NONE** OF THIS MAKES SENSE!

WHAT DOESN'T?

THIS--THE ARTICLE I'M TRYING TO PIECE TOGETHER.

WHAT PART CAN'T YOU FIGURE OUT?

ALL OF IT! EVERYTHING.

THAT'S A BIT MELODRAMATIC, DON'T YOU THINK?

I WISH. I MEAN, FIRST THINGS LOOK LIKE THEY DON'T FIT TOGETHER OR SHOULDN'T BE RELATED, AND THEN THESE PIECES-- JUST LITTLE THINGS-- KEEP BUTTING INTO EACH OTHER.

FOR INSTANCE...?

WELL, START WITH THE NURSES. THOUGH I HAVEN'T TALKED TO ALL OF THEM-- I'M NOT EVEN SURE I **WANT TO**-- A COUPLE OF THEM AREN'T DEALING WITH A FULL DECK. THEN THE DOCTORS, AT LEAST THOSE I'VE TRIED TO CONTACT, AREN'T TALKING, TO ANYONE. AND THE DIRECTORS OF ST. ANTHONY'S, **THEY'VE ALL GONE SILENT TOO.**

C'MON MARC, THEIR BUILDING JUST BURNED DOWN. SURELY YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHY THEY'D ALL BE DISTRACTED.

IT DIDN'T BURN DOWN, IT WAS **BOMBED**, AT LEAST AS FAR AS I CAN TELL. ALTHOUGH CITY OFFICIALS STILL HAVEN'T CONFIRMED THAT YET.

AND THEN THERE'S THESE "MIRACLE" PATIENTS AT THE HOSPITAL SOME OF THE ST. ANTHONY VICTIMS WERE TAKEN TO, WHICH **SHOULD** BE A SEPARATE STORY... **EXCEPT** ONE OF THE MIRACLES\* HAPPENED TO AN OLD MAN FROM ST. ANTHONY'S, WHO'D ONLY BEEN THERE A FEW HOURS.\*

ALL THE REST OF THEM WERE IN THE SAME ROOM. SO HOW DID THE OLD MAN, WHO HAD ZERO CONTACT WITH THE PATIENTS IN THE ROOM, WHERE A HALF DOZEN FOLKS SOMEHOW CURED THEMSELVES, GET INVOLVED?

AND **OF COURSE**, NO ONE AT THE SECOND HOSPITAL CAN TALK OR GIVE OUT ANY INFORMATION ON ANYTHING BECAUSE OF THEIR 'CODE OF HONOR', OR WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL IT!

THEY HAVE AN OATH TO KEEP. AND IT'S PROBABLY THE LAW TOO.

**THAT'S MY PROBLEM!**

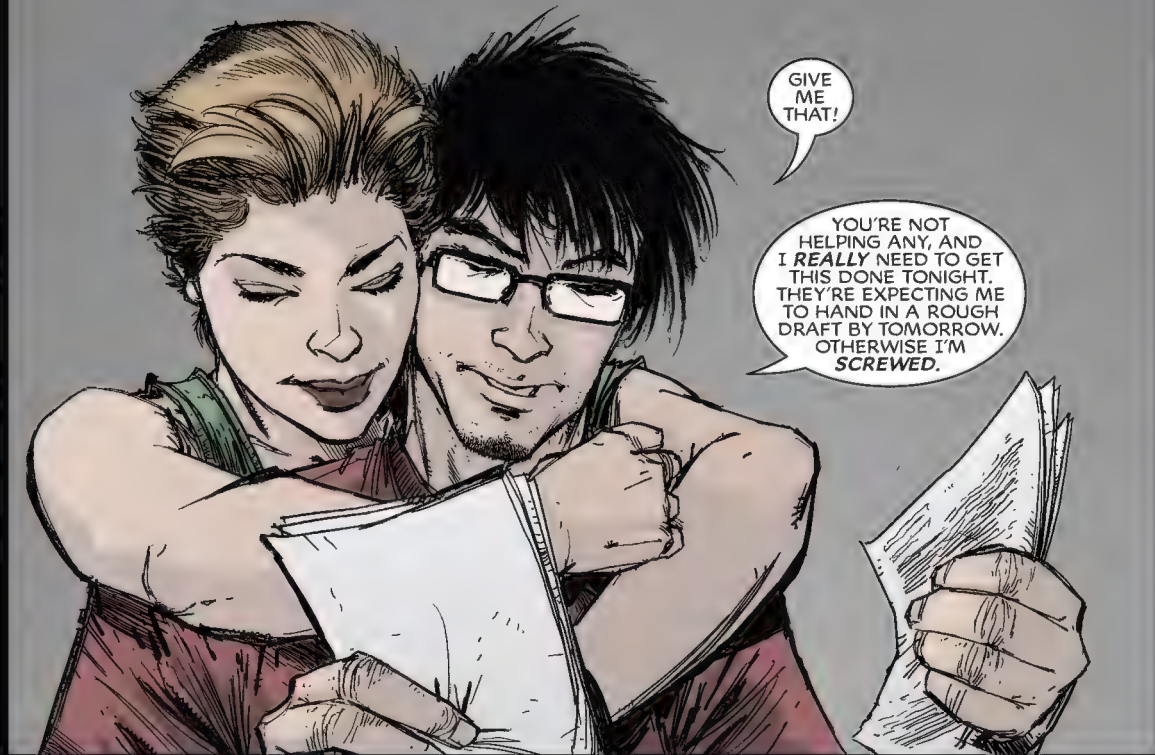
I CAN'T GET ENOUGH INFORMATION TO FULLY FLESH ANY OF THIS OUT.

LET ME SEE THAT! THERE'S YOUR PROBLEM **RIGHT THERE!**

WHERE?

IT SAYS RIGHT HERE, THAT YOU NEED TO SPEND **MORE ATTENTION** ON YOUR LOVELY GIRLFRIEND AND IF YOU DO, THEN **ALL** YOUR ANSWERS WILL BECOME CLEAR.





GIVE  
ME  
THAT!

YOU'RE NOT  
HELPING ANY, AND  
I **REALLY** NEED TO GET  
THIS DONE TONIGHT.  
THEY'RE EXPECTING ME  
TO HAND IN A ROUGH  
DRAFT BY TOMORROW.  
OTHERWISE I'M  
**SCREWED.**



SPEAKING  
OF  
WHICH...

SUSAN!  
STOP IT! I  
NEED YOU TO  
GET OUT OF  
HERE.

YOU'RE  
STARTING  
TO PISS ME  
OFF.



WAIT.

I'M  
SORRY.  
COME BACK  
HERE.

I'M  
JUST...

COMPLETELY  
INSENSITIVE AT  
TIMES. I KNOW, BUT  
I WON'T HOLD IT  
AGAINST YOU.



THANKS.

SO  
WHAT  
LEADS  
ARE YOU  
STUCK  
ON?

WELL, THE NURSES  
AT DEACON'S HOSPITAL  
SAID THEY TRANSFERRED  
SOMEONE FROM THE "MIRACLE  
ROOM" TO ANOTHER HOSPITAL.  
AND IT SOUNDED LIKE THAT  
PATIENT WASN'T AFFECTED LIKE  
ALL THE REST. PLUS I DIDN'T GET  
A CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHO  
RODE IN THE AMBULANCE  
WITH THE OLD MAN FROM  
ST. ANTHONY'S.

THEN THERE'S  
**THE WHOLE**  
ST. ANTHONY'S  
DEBACLE.









BUT *FIRST*,  
TELL ME ABOUT  
YOUR POOR MAN'S  
*CRUCIFIXION*.



I'M CURIOUS  
AS TO WHICH ONE  
OF *OURS* WAS  
SKILLED ENOUGH TO  
GET YOU UP THERE  
IN THE FIRST  
PLACE.

SEE, I'M  
PUTTING TOGETHER  
*MY OWN* LITTLE ARMY,  
AND I COULD DO WITH A FEW  
MORE SKILLED RECRUITS. AND  
I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK  
THEY HAD *ALL* BACKSLID  
TO THE POINT OF BEING  
USELESS.



SO DO  
TELL.  
PLEASE.

YOU'RE  
JOKING,  
RIGHT?

YOU'RE  
TELLING  
ME YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOUR  
OWN SIDE IS  
DOING?

NOW THAT'S  
REALLY SOMETHING  
TO LAUGH AT...  
MR. *CLOWN*.













Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE